



Wicked

AN ERIDAN AMPORA-ZINE

3/11/2021

Wwicked

An Eridan Ampora Zine

Thank you for checking out the collected works in our zine celebrating Eridan Ampora! This collection includes a variety of mediums- digital art, fanfiction, cosplay, music, and a Dating Sim game. We encourage you to take your time going through this zine, as well as to check out each creator involved. Everyone worked very hard over the past 2 months to put these wonderful works together.

While the zine is free to download, we'd like to suggest a charity should you have the means to donate your time or funds.

Project AWARE

A non-profit organization with a focus on marine conservation and education. AWARE scuba divers work to protect ocean habitats, clear marine debris, and are directly involved with rescue and release of sharks, rays, turtles and other ocean animals.

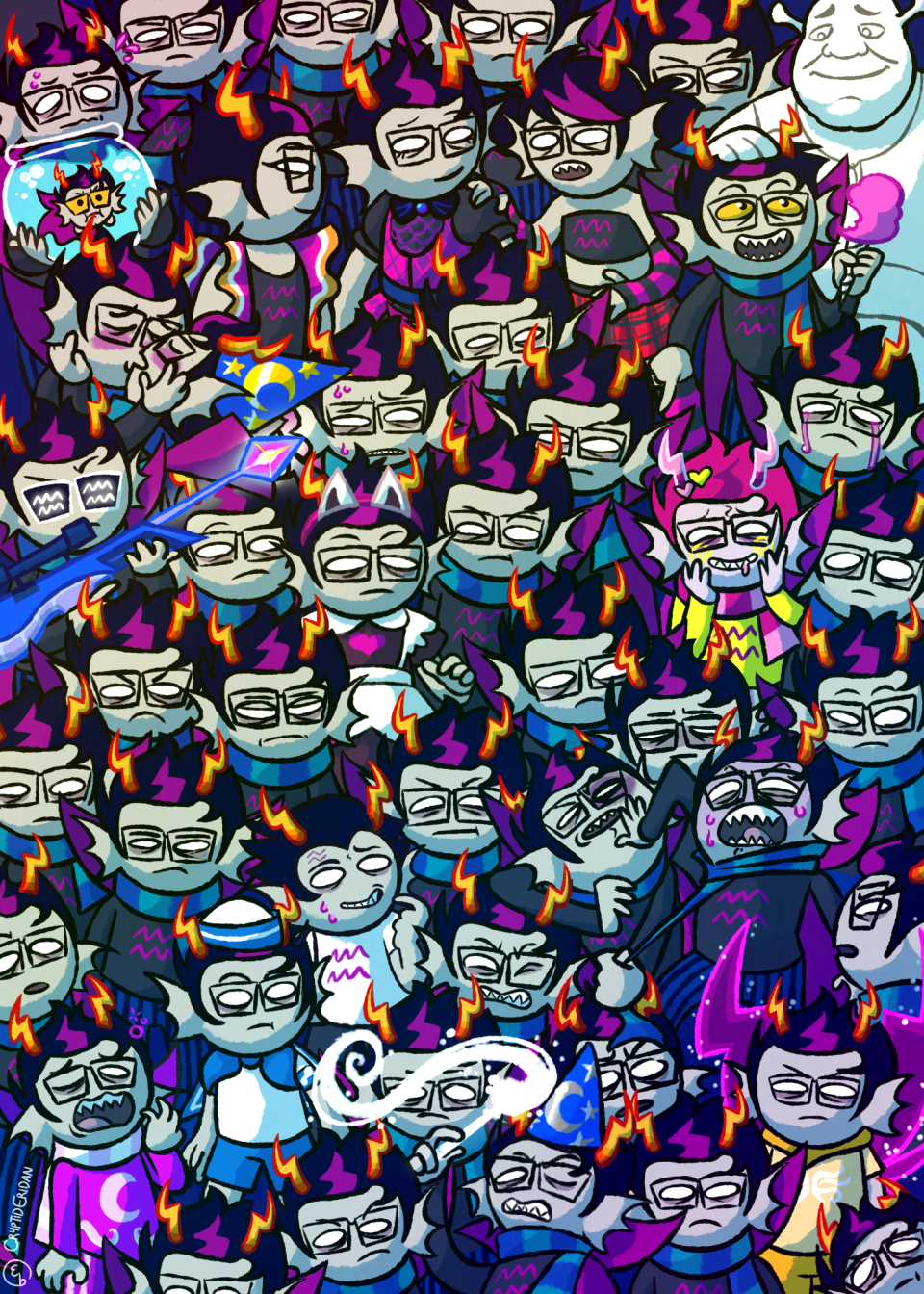
<https://www.projectaware.org/>

Wwicked // An Eridan Ampora Zine // March 11th 2021

twitter: [@wwickedzine](https://twitter.com/wwickedzine)

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A Palpitating Hope

Author: fox_salazar

Rating: T

Summary: While lamenting his lot in the afterlife, Eridan runs into a Maryam who wants to keep him company.

Relationship: Eridan & Porrim

Tags: self deprivation, self loathing, hemocaste slurs, references to canon violence

You're an asshole. A self serving, pathetic, unlovable asshole.

Whatever. It doesn't matter anymore. You're dead. Just another of the stupid dead ghosts shuffling around dreambubbles. Whether you want to or not.

You are firmly in the latter camp. The place sucks, the people suck, the reminders suck.

Scowling one last time at this version of you—a cretin smiling and holding hands with his Kar—you step into another bubble.

Ah, the beach. The sight and sound of the ocean, even just as a palpable memory, instantly brightens your mood. The gently rolling waves are gorgeous. Nostalgia for a lifetime ago fills you.

A sigh escapes you and your shoulders sag. Maybe Alternia was a miserable shithole where you fed your now ex moirail's terrible lusus or else let it all be destroyed by her screams, sure, but it was also your home. The place where all your good memories come from, as few and far between as they are. Memories that hurt now. Of friends you can't bear to encounter in these dream bubbles.

You don't want to think about all that. Any of it. Before or during your session. You don't really want to think period; you've done nothing but think and think and overthink only to act on instinct when it came down to it. It's time to just clear your mind, alone, and let yourself—

Oh, glub.

Of course. Of fucking course you aren't alone even here. Your luck continues its stream of consistent shittiness as a pair of figures pop out of the water: two giggling Fefs.

Your walkstubs are carrying you out of this bubble before you even really register it. You cross the threshold just as one of them says, "I sea an Erifin!"

Thankfully you nope right out of there before any conversation can happen or they drag you back there. That thought alone is enough to get you hyperventilating.

You lean against the nearest solid object to steady yourself yet end up sliding to the ground. You close your eyes as you try to calm yourself down. Technically they didn't talk to you, it's fine. Just more familiar faces in a sea of memories that you'll never encounter again. Well, not those particular ones, anyway. Plenty of other versions out there. A thought that just builds back up your always waiting dread.

Pitiful. That's what you are down at your very core. Pitiful but never pitiable. Just a pathetic grub who runs and hides or destroys instead of simple things that everyone else is capable of like *connecting*. You don't deserve their company.

You can't *bare* it.

"I hate to intrude, but you don't seem like you're doing alright."

You give a start, eyes flying open wide to stare at the silky voice that spoke. An undignified squeak of terror escapes. Those mismatched horns are the first things you notice. For a split second you think Kanaya's found you and is going to do something to you that you so very much deserve, but then you realize how long her hair is, the piercings, the tattoos swirling over skin peeking out of her immodest dress. Not your Maryam.

You swallow and try to compose yourself. Try, not necessarily succeed. At least you manage to get out a response.

"Wwhatevver do you mean? I'm happily dead ovver here, thank you vvery much."

Her lips quirk upwards. She holds out her hand and you glance at it unsurely.

"I'm Porrim."

You...have no idea what to do. It's ambiguous if she's holding out her hand to help you up or for a handshake. There's no way you can accept the former, no matter how far you've fallen. Like, yes obviously you would love to. But first of all, who the hell would want to help *you* up? Second, well. It's a matter of pride.

Fuck it, you're already sitting on the floor undignified, vaguely realizing that there might have been tears in your white eyes. You are both a seadweller and a prince, sure, but this isn't Alternia nor are you even a relevant player anymore. And you *want* to take her hand.

So you do.

You feign a haughty air that you worry might have never been fully genuine. Shoving that thought to the back of your mind that's already so cramped, you straighten your clothes. It's more for show and to busy yourself so you're not looking at her. You can only do that for so long before it just gets awkward, however, so you cast your gaze back on Por. She seems both amused and something softer which brings heat to your face. Glub, you better not be blushing. Haven't you suffered enough?

Clearing your throat you say, "Wwell." A pause. Fuck you have no idea what to say. What a mess you've become (or always were). "I like your dress."

"Thank you. I dig the cape. It looks good on you."

Your fins perk up. Like a barkbeast being called a good boy, you can't resist a compliment. Especially something about fashion from someone who obviously understands it. The only person who ever understood fashion on the same caliber as you was Kan; you need this.

"So," she speaks up again, "do I get your name, too?"

"Eridan Ampora."

"It's nice to meet you, Eridan."

The sentiment makes you cringe with self loathing. Not wanting to dwell on how much no one should enjoy meeting you, let alone get to know you, you quickly reply, "It's refreshin' to meet someone wwho actually knowws howw to dress."

"I will admit that there are certainly some of us around the bubbles who have questionable tastes. At least it's not just from my group."

You can't help snickering along with her.

"The majority a trolls from my timeline havve no fashion sense at all. It's like their lusus still dresses them."

"Not everything changed from one world to the other."

You let out a genuine laugh like you haven't in...a very long time. It feels good.

"I was thinking about taking a walk somewhere else. I think I've had enough of this place for a century. I'd appreciate some company."

For the first time you take in your surroundings. This is...Beforus, you think. A dead ringer for Alternia, if not for the missing moon. Inhospitable desert all around, with the occasional rock or boulder to break up the monotony, like what you had apparently collapsed against when you reached this place. It makes you think of where Kan lived, though you don't spot a hive nearby.

"Not a pleasant area to wwander," you agree. "Too drab. Let's get out a here."

Because you are a gentletroll and your lusus raised you right, you offer Porrim your arm which she takes without hesitation. In turn she offers you a smile that tricks your pump biscuit into thinking it's alive again. Clearing your throat you lead the way into another bubble.

Since neither of you have any particular memory in mind the bubbles subject you to their whims. A winding forest path that leads to a treehive where you see a troll with the most atrocious attire that the two of you snicker about. Rooftops that must be from earth, a blazing sun baring down on you while one of the humans throws down some impressive slam poetry with two different Tav's. An obnoxious encounter with someone you still find it hard to believe could ever grow up to be the amazing Orphaner Dualscar. There's something charming about his outfit, you have to admit, but it's completely ruined anytime he opens his mouth. Regardless, Por swerves you out of there with a quickness into a new bubble.

This time you're wandering some Alternian hiveblock. It's quiet and empty unlike how a hiveblock usually is. Especially in an obviously lowblood neighborhood like this.

You never found yourself in areas like this very much, having your own hive secluded away as it was, so you don't know your way around. The pair of you just wander in companionable silence. It's nice. When was the last time you felt this peaceful around someone? Hell, peaceful in general. Certainly not since being dead, and long before playing the game.

Fuck you miss Kar and Kan and Fef and what you used to have with each of them. You miss your flarping buddies. You miss *so much*, and it's all your fault—

"Shit shit shit, heads up!"

The warning comes too late as something comes sailing right at you, colliding with your face and sending you to the ground. Your auditory clots ring for a moment, the sky swirling. You're vaguely aware of voices, of Por leaning over you with worry on her face. *Faces* because you're seeing double. Wonderful.

Why do ghosts feel pain? Just one more cosmic joke at your expense.

You start evening out and Por helps you sit up. Her concern is touching. You know you don't deserve any sympathy but you can't help lapping it up like a dehydrated meowbeast.

"Are you alright?"

"Can ghosts get concussed?"

"Strangely enough yes, but we recover much quicker than when we were alive."

She smiles in a way that makes your chest ache so you cast your eyes away. They land on an upside down skateboard beside you, one of its wheels still spinning. Your brow furrows but before you can question it the answers march right up to you, snickering.

"Heh, looks like your board hit something thick, MT. Amazing it didn't break."

You'd know that speech impediment and quirk anywhere. Ignoring the second—Beforus—Captor who races dramatically to his fallen skateboard, you gaze over at Sollux. Not your Sol, that much is clear from the beginning. The strange thing about the bubbles is you can always tell who's from your timeline. Even without that ability, however, there are differences you can easily spot from years of obsessing over him. He seems...lighter in the way he carries himself. Less burdened. You wonder how much of that is from death, then wonder what it must be like to feel happier after dying. He probably wasn't the cause of several deaths, or dooming both your friends and entire race.

"What's wrong, ED, did he knock your one braincell out?"

The words are more teasing than mocking and fuck you really don't know how to handle that. You're so useless in every regard it's amazing you ever managed to function.

He's looking at you expectedly, and panic once again bubbles up. Old defense mechanisms reignite and before you can stop yourself supercilious words are falling from your mouth.

"Infinite bubbles and I still manage to run into a stinkin' pissblood."

You can *feel* Porrim's disapproval. She remains silent, however.

"Wow, what an asshole," Sol snickers, seemingly unbothered.

The heat of shame washes over you. Which only makes you double down on your awfulness when Sol holds out a hand to you. You slap it away and push yourself up. Why does he have to look so amused? It just urges on that part of you always ready to lash out. Petulantly you cross your arms with a pompous sniff.

"This bubble is obviously beneath me. I'm leavin' before I have to be subjected to any further indignities."

As you start walking off Sol remarks, "And nothing of value was lost."

"Cretin," you snap back, turning to him. You catch Por's disapproving look.

Not disapproving, worse: disappointed.

Pump biscuit dropping to your stomach, you whirl around and stalk off. Well, there you go ruining another good thing before it was even taking off. Now you get to be all alone again. Which is fine. Perfect even! Isn't that what you wanted to begin with, after all?

You pull your cape tight around your arms.

Just as you're about to cross into another bubble you feel a presence by your side again. Your eyes dart that way, widening at Por. She's staring straight ahead so you hurriedly do the same.

There's sand beneath your walking stubs again. It's an area cut off from the rest of the beach by high rocks. The water sloshes against your shoes before retreating back into the ocean. You stand there watching the cycle, not bothering to step out of the water's reach.

For a long moment neither of you speak. It grates on you. The expected and inevitable rejection. You just want it over with so you can go back to wallowing. *Alone*.

"Wwell?" you finally demand.

"I can understand saying things you don't necessarily mean from a place of anger or hurt."

Not what you were expecting. You sneak another glance at her, watching as Por sits gracefully on a nearby rock. She catches you, and you tense as she offers a soft smile before patting the spot beside her. For a moment you hesitate. Ultimately you give in, though, stomping over and plopping down with a huff like a wiggler in the midsts of a fit. You purposefully face away from her, glaring out at the receding waves.

After a moment where you don't say anything she sighs.

"You're young, Eridan."

"I'm dead."

"You're not the only one."

A knife in your scarred midsection that makes you wince.

"I'm talking from a place of experience, you know. You've met the people in my timeline. There are a lot of hard feelings all around. I've said regrettable things before. Maybe I didn't always take certain matters that affected my friends as seriously as I should have. The important thing is I learned and I grew."

"And then you died along wwith evveryone else."

"I've changed since being dead, actually. Many of us have. I...can't say it's always been for the better."

"Is that supposed to be reassurin'?"

"Hm. Just focus on the change part."

You let out a derisive snort. That doesn't deter her. As stubborn as your Maryam.

"You can start over, Eridan. Change."

"Howw am I supposed to do that wwhen I'm dead?"

"Don't let death be an excuse," she replies calmly but firmly. "We may be dead, but I've been here for epochs. I still exist, and you still exist, and while I don't know how much longer that'll be the case it doesn't mean you shouldn't try. You made some poor decisions before, yes. Acknowledge that, then do better. Everything from this point on is your choice, Eridan. And your first choice needs to be whether you *want* to improve yourself or wallow alone."

You mull that over. It's hard not to outright dismiss her. She seems so genuine, though, like she truly believes in you. All at once that hurts and makes you feel something stirring that you haven't dared to feel for a good minute.

Hope.

You lean back, claws digging into the craggy rock. After a moment you feel her hand beside yours, just close enough to let you have a solid, tangible assurance of her belief in you. It's more comforting than you would have imagined. You're so pathetic and needy for any scrap of attention.

Still, the words are...nice. You almost believe her. It might not be completely awful to give it a try.



K



K





banmitbandit







Eridan: Find a Betta

Author: cryogenia

Rating: T

Relationship: minor Feferi ♦ Eridan, minor Vriska ♠ Eridan

Tags: flarp, canon-typical swearing, canon-typical Eridan being a brat, pirate pirating, pesterlog format

Character Submission:

Name: daneri mopara

Class: pompous thaumaturge

Alias(es) : the archmage

Description:

daneri wwas hatched as the elevventh grub of the elevventh mothergrub

he immediately showwed talent by castin light magic from the tips of his horns wwhen he wwas just a few instars old

he wwas the last of his kind to make it through the trials before the brood cavern wwas tragically attacked

an evvil wwizzard brought the wwwhole place downn tryin to avvert THE WWAVVY HORN PROPHECY

the walls caved in crushin all a the other grubs and
lususes

only daneri survvivved

orphaned before he evven had a lusus he set out in the
wworld and wwas beset by all manner of afflictions

until one day he got a letter from a mysterious
hootcreature

he is the future of the wwizarding wworld and the high
mage quadrangle desperately needs his help

AG: Hahahaha!!!!!!!!!!

AG: No.

> Eridan: Be on deadline.

Your name is Eridan Ampora, and nobody respects the kind
of pressure you're under.

You're on a deadline, which is fine. You've conquered
lots of deadly lines in your time - and circles, and
squares, and all other kinds of murderous shapes. You
are, after all a FUTURE MILITARY GENIUS. The blood in
your veins runs violet with the hues of LEGENDARY
HEROES, so infamous their legends have all been banned.

So it's not that you don't have plenty of ideas. A devout scholar of the military arts is all about ideas and tactics and careful reconnoitering, which is what you do every night of your life. You have a vast and extensive PRIVATE BOOKHIVE where you read all about the exploits you could be having some night.

What you don't have is the perfect CHARACTER CONCEPT for the FLARP campaign that starts next week and it maybe is starting to get to you.

Time to consult a literary expert.

> Eridan: Find a beta.

caligulasAquarium [CA] began trolling carcinoGeneticist [CG]

CA: kar

CG: NO.

CA: i didnt evven ask yet

CG: AND YET, WE CAN ALREADY PREDICT: IT'S GOING TO BE SOMETHING ABSOLUTELY INSUFFERABLE.

CG: LET ME LOOK INTO MY CRYSTAL PROGNOSTICATION SPHERE. WHAT'S THIS?

CG: IT'S COUNT SEA DIPSHIT WITH YET ANOTHER SELF-AGGRANDIZING SELF INSERT.

CG: MY UNCANNY POWERS ARE A BOTH A BLESSING AND A CURSE.

CA: thats upright uncalled for

CA: you knoww i dont believe in that pupa pal nonsense

CG: AND YET, "MAGICALLY" HERE YOU ARE IN MY DMS.
CG: I CHANGED MY MIND, I'M GIVING UP BEING AN ALL-
POWERFUL SOOTHSAYER.
CG: WHAT'S THE POINT OF SEEING THE FUTURE IF IT SUCKS?

CA: cmon kar seriously

CA: im just lookin for a beta

CA: and no i cant ask fef

CA: for one shes already fussin about the league

CA: for twwo shes gonna say its betta

CG: OH GOD.

CA: i knoww right

CA: honestly you think shed be more supportivve

CA: on account a im the one out here puttin my ass on
the line

CA: maybe if wwe didnt havve to spend evvery wwakin
second dealin wwith her lusus

CA: she and i could get to knoww each other a little
bettta

CG: PLEASE TELL ME YOU ARE NOT WORKSHOPPING THAT LINE.

CG: THAT LINE IS A GODDAMN INDUSTRIAL ACCIDENT.

CG: THE WORDSMITH HAS LOST BOTH LOOKSTUBS AND A FINGER
AND THEY ARE SUING FOR EMOTIONAL DAMAGES.

CA: no im wworkin on a character profile

CA: for vvris and ters flarp thing

CA: that age of sail campaign they keep spammin on your
memos

CG: YOU'RE IN *FLARP* NOW? ARE YOU SHITTING ME??

CA: no

CG: WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR HISTORICAL REENACTMENT SQUAD?

CA: wwe parted wways at the end of last season

CA: on account a creativve differences

CG: YOU MEAN YOU GOT THROWN OUT FOR BEING A LUNATIC.

CA: look im just sayin that usin blank shot is bee ess

CA: lots of lususes died in the brood cavern siege at aratta

CA: anythin else is upright ahistorical

CG: OKAY, LEAVING ASIDE YOUR COMPLETE INABILITY TO DISTINGUISH FANTASY FROM FUCKING REALITY, WHAT MAKES YOU THINK YOU CAN SURVIVE AN ACTUAL FLARP TOURNAMENT?

CG: THESE AREN'T SOME IDIOTS PRANCING AROUND IN POOFY PANTS, PRETENDING TO HIT EACH OTHER WITH STICKS.

CG: THEY'RE IDIOTS WITH EVEN STUPIDER PANTS ACTUALLY HITTING EACH OTHER WITH WEAPONS.

CA: look its important to me all right

CA: my ancestors ruled these seas wwith an iron fin

CA: probably

CA: i mean i dont knoww wwhich ones in particular but they wwere out there somewhere

CA: scuttlin trade ships

CA: fightin against the land dweller menace

CA: they wwere in the ocean at least

CG: ANCESTORS ARE FOR HORNFONDLERS WHO DON'T HAVE ANYTHING ELSE TO FEEL GOOD ABOUT IN THEIR LIVES.

CG: ALSO, HIGHLY ILLEGAL.

CA: lawws are for fuckin pissbloods and pupa

CA: are you gonna help me or not

CG: I GUESS.

CG: SINCE I TOO HAVE NOTHING TO FEEL GOOD ABOUT IN MY LIFE APPARENTLY.

CA: just take a look its like one page

>> caligulasAquarium is sharing a file:
alexos_the_imposing.pdf <<

CA: ill givve you a sec

CA: gettin a drink

caligulasAquarium [CA] ceased trolling carcinoGeneticist
[CG]

caligulasAquarium [CA] began trolling carcinoGeneticist
[CG]

CA: okay back

CA: so wwhat do you think

CG: OKAY, FIRST OF ALL, THIS IS NOT THE WORST THING
YOU'VE EVER SENT ME.

CA: thanks

CG: THAT HONOR GOES TO EVERY LAST UNSOLICITED SELFIE,
AND NO, I DO NOT BELIEVE YOU "WWOKE UP THIS WWAVVE".

CG: THIS IS THE *SECOND* WORST.

CA: wwoww DAMN

CA: wway to kick a guy wwhen hes downn kar

CG: YOU ASKED FOR MY OPINION, NOW YOU'RE GETTING IT,
UNVARNISHED.

CG: JUST A HOT, STEAMING STREAM OF VINEGAR AND CHEMICALS
DOWN YOUR MISERABLE GULLET, STRIPPING OFF YOUR POLISH
AND REVEALING THE UGLY TRUTH: THIS PROFILE SUCKS.

CA: wwwhatever howw do i fix it

CG: YOU DON'T, YOU THROW IT OUT AND START OVER FROM THE
BEGINNING, WHILE SIMULTANEOUSLY REGRETTING EVERY ONE OF
YOUR LIFE CHOICES.

CG: SERIOUSLY HOW THE HELL IS THE AUDIENCE SUPPOSED TO
CONNECT WITH A CHARACTER WHO STARTS OUT PERFECT?

CG: ALEXOS IS "THE MOST BRILLIANT STRATEGOS ALTERNIA HAS
EVER SEEN" WHO HAS "NEVER LOST" A SINGLE FUCKING BATTLE.

CG: HE'S ALSO CONQUERED MULTIPLE OUTGLUTS AND TAKEN OVER
AT LEAST THREE CAVERNS BY THE TENDER AGE OF...FIVE AND A
HALF SWEEPS?

CA: thats cause its based off a real guy kar

CA: come on this is your basic imperially approved
history

CA: alexos invvented half the tactics in the military
schoolfeeds hes a fuckin legend

CA: he once took out a circus wwhere the subjugglators outnumbered his tridentatas three to one

CA: it wwas fuckin incredible

CG: IT'S *BORING*.

CG: IN THE REAL WORLD, YOU CAN'T JUST SHOW UP AND SAY "MY OC IS THE BEST AT EVERYTHING FOREVER" AND THINK THE OTHER PLAYERS ARE GOING TO TAKE THAT.

CG: AT BEST, THEY TELL YOU TO FUCK THE FUCK OFF.

CG: AT WORST, THEY JOIN FORCES TO UTTERLY ANNIHILATE YOU.

CA: huh

CA: that makes sense i guess

CG: NO, "SENSE" IS NOT PLAYING GAMES WITH PSYCHOS IN THE FIRST PLACE.

CG: SERIOUSLY, WHY CAN'T YOU GO BACK TO FONDLING YOUR SEEDFLAP OVER RUSTY CANNONS OR THE PRICE OF GRUBSAUCE IN EAST ALTERNIA OR WHATEVER IT IS YOU GEEKS DO?

CG: FLARP IS THE REAL DEAL.

CG: YOU'RE GOING TO GET YOURSELF KILLED.

CA: you dont get it kar

CA: nobody does

CA: this is for my kind

CA: our glorious history

CA: i cant just let a bunch a land dwwellers play at high seas

CA: also my old guildmaster wwont call me back ivve trolled her like fifty sevven times

CG: WHICH IS EVEN MORE SHIT TO UNPACK.

CG: WHY DON'T WE START BY THROWING AWAY THE WHOLE STEAMING SUITCASE.

CA: wwatever i dont havve to take this

CA: ill ask somebody else

caligulasAquarium [CA] ceased trolling carcinoGeneticist
[CG]



art by @banmitbandit

> Eridan: Sulk

You close your husktop in somewhat of a tiff. Not a bad one - the screen doesn't end up cracked. (That's the reason your kind is so rich, you need high stipends to offset your noble rage.) You'd kind of been hoping that Kar would get what you were going for here. Alexos the Imposing is not only one of the greatest tacticians of all time but also a legendary lover. There're so many great censored-approved romances based upon him and his moirail Phasti, and even more blackmarket novels that claim their love went beyond one quadrant. You'd kind of wanted to share those books with Kar.

(Not that you have a vested interest in "rails with pails" fics or anythin'. You're just sayin', there's plenty of Reasonable and Historical Evidence that their relationship was more intense than those boring pale quadrants allow. When Phasti died, poisoned by an ignoble midblood, Alexos tore the middle seas apart with grief.)

Maybe Kar is right though and Alexos is too much for your FLARP debut. Land dwellers are all so shockingly uneducated. Even if they are, that carries its own risk. *Technically*Fef is in your diamond quadrant, so if somebody decided to get fresh they would probably up and poison her. Not that it wouldn't be shockingly romantic, but you'd kind of envisioned she would still be alive when you went on a highblood rage to prove your undying affection.

This is the trouble you're having with FLARP: it's so fuckin' hard to figure out what the clouders want. At least in the Society for Creative Anarchy, everybody knew what battle you were gonna stage each week. And you, as a violet, always had your pick of leaders. You'd thought this might go easier if you used a real hero for inspiration too, but apparently 'role play' doesn't work the same way. And FLARP is also bound by weird and inane rules, not the least of which is that other trolls get to tell you if your character is 'good'.

You decide to consult a somewhat different expert.

> Eridan: bother Tavros

caligulasAquarium [CA] began trolling adiosToreador [AT]

AT: uH,

AT: hELLO?

CA: hey

CA: look ill make this quick so you dont take up too much of my precious time

CA: i need to knoww wwhat concept youre doin for vvris an ters thing

AT: uH, i DON'T THINK THAT WOULD BE A VERY GOOD IDEA,

AT: SINCE YOU ARE ON VRISKA'S TEAM,

AT: AND I AM ON ARADIA'S TEAM,

AT: WHICH IS KIND OF THE OPPOSING TEAM,

CA: im not gonna be on any fuckin team if i cant get this character ddown

CA: i tried submittin a profile last night

CA: my most humiliatin defeat evver and i havvent even started playin this stinkin game

AT: WELL UH,

AT: i DON'T KNOW EXACTLY WHAT'S GOING ON,

AT: BUT IT SOUNDS LIKE YOU'RE HAVING TROUBLE DECIDING ON A CHARACTER, MAYBE,

AT: AND I DO HAVE EXPERIENCE HAVING TROUBLE AT DECIDING STUFF,

AT: DO YOU KNOW WHAT CLASS YOU ARE INTERESTED IN,

CA: the best one

AT: uH,

AT: THERE ISN'T REALLY A BEST ONE,

AT: IT'S MORE LIKE ROCK-PUPA-SCISSORS,

AT: LIKE THERE'S PEPSTERCHUM WHERE YOU ENCOURAGE YOUR
FRIENDS AND GIVE THEM BOOSTED HUBRIS AND STUFF,
AT: WHICH LETS THEM ARGUE WITH THE CLOUDER AND GET AWAY
WITH IMPROBABLE THINGS,
AT: LIKE SLAMDAZZLING A DRAGON BY DOING A SILLY DANCE,
AT: BUT THEN A PISS ICARUS CAN MAKE FUN OF THEIR MOVES
ON CHITTR AND THEY LOSE ALL THEIR CONFIDENCE,
AT: AND POSSIBLY A LIMB,
CA: yeah okay wwhich one should i pick then
CA: if i wanna bedazzle everyone or wwhatevver the fuck
you said
CA: that is NOT the fuckin thaumaturge the less said
about that catastrophe the better
AT: uH WELL,
AT: iT SOUNDS LIKE YOU'D PROBABLY LIKE A CLASS THAT IS
HIGH IN HUBRIS,
AT: mAYBE A VAINGLORIOUS BASTERD,
AT: oR A PETTICOAT SEAGRIFT?
CA: wwhat do they do
AT: sHOOT PEOPLE'S THINGS,
AT: oR TAKE PEOPLE'S THINGS,
AT: oR SHOOT PEOPLE WHILE TAKING THINGS, mOSTLY,
CA: like a pirate
CA: okay i can wwork wwith this
AT: hAVE YOU CONSIDERED HOW YOU'RE GOING TO DISTRIBUTE
YOUR FLAPSTRACTION MODIFIERS THOUGH,
AT: iT HAS AN IMPACT ON HOW HUBRIS SCALES WHEN YOU
LEVEL,
CA: easy there dirtscraper
CA: one mental breakdownn at a time
caligulasAquarium [CA] ceased trolling adiosToreador
[AT]
AT: bYE I GUESS,

> Eridan: Build, then bare.

You get to work immediately with a fresh profile sheet for your petticoat seagrift, scribbling down several great pirate ideas from history. While your kind has always been noble and regal, it's true that in unkind times many sea dwellers moonlighted as privateers. Still nobly, of course! Sailing on a wooden ship...commanding a crew of scoundrels and scallywags...it's almost as romantic as conquering the ancient world. And thematically so much more appropriate! This sure was a great idea you had, completely unassisted.

It takes a few trips back and forth through the stacks but you eventually find the exact biography you're looking for. From there, it's more a matter of deciding the outfit. As any dedicated reenactor knows, it's not enough to memorize flaysquad positions and casualty estimates. You have to know your spits from your spats and ensure you also dress the part.

You bust out your big COSTUME TRUNK and excavate to the appropriate time period. Everything you keep is organized by Empress, then sweep, then season and month. You've never done the Scarlett Coxswain specifically, but she's in the same ballpark time period as the Battle of the Bulge-and-Nook. With a little bit of modification you think you can adapt a standard naval officer's tack to match her trademark double-breasted coat and broad hat, complete with the scandalous crimson dye that made her infamous throughout the south sea.

Character sheet, set.

Fancy dress, donned.

Here goes nothing.

> **Eridan: Make a submission.**

caligulasAquarium [CA] began trolling arachnidsGrip
[AG]:

AG: Whaaaaaaaaaat.

CA: okay before you say anythin

CA: i wwasnt serious before

CA: wwizards are on the outs evverybody knowws that

CA: and not really appropriate for a nautical advventure
yeah message receivved

CA: wwater under the bridge noww time to movve on

CA: feast your eyes on THIS

>> caligulasAquarium is sharing a file:

the_scarlett_coxswain.pdf <<

AG: Oh maaaaaaaaaan, I can't w8 to see what it is this
time.

AG: Let me guess, twee little "Ariden Oparam" was
tragically a8andoned all alone in the wilderness.

AG: A magical spleenfowl came to them and said they were
destined for gr8ness at a fancy fairy school!

AG: Except, surprise! Fairies are fake, make 8elieve
fakey fake.

AG: Ariden was hallucinating from exposure and freezes to death like a cute widdle seahemoth leaving.

CA: thats not what i sent

AG: Sure it is!

AG: All your OCs read exactly the same ::::)

AG: "8oo hoo, no one understands me! My lusus died and my 8ark8east caught on fire and aw shucks, I guess I just have nooooooooo choice 8ut to 8e the chosen one!"

AG: 8oooooooooring.

CA: just read the fuckin submission

caligulasAquarium [CA] stopped trolling arachnidsGrip

[AG]

arachnidsGrip [AG] began trolling caligulasAquarium
[CA]:

AG: Huh.

AG: So this is actually pretty decent.

AG: Not as good as what I would have come up with!

AG: 8ut still. A 8old step forward!

AG: I like the part where she makes her rivals walk off their own planks.

CA: i knoww right

CA: the scarlett coxswain wwas the scourge of the southern sea for a reason

AG: W8. She was a real pir8?

CA: yeah

CA: maybe still alive i dunno if they evver caught her

CA: she was activve durin the reign of her imperial churlishness omaron the absolute

AG: Wow! No8ody ever told me history wasn't completely pointless and 8ad.

CA: history is cool as shit

CA: howw else are wwe supposed to learn wwithout other idiots to make all the mistakes first

AG: So she actually did this stuff.

CA: wwere pretty certain

CA: lots a land dweller ships wwere wwritten off as lost to her

CA: wwe havve their manifests and deep divvers evven found some a the wwrecks

AG: Which she lured 8y posing as a defenseless low8lood!

CA: yeah

CA: she wwould wwear all a this red and pretend she wwaa a crimson merchant in distress

CA: then wwhen the morons got close enough she wwould divve in and saww holes in the underside of their ship

CA: on account of she wwaa actually a sea dweller

AG: Sa8otage and su8terfuge, what a classy combo!

AG: I'll take it.

CA: so im in

AG: Haha, no.

CA: wwait wwhat

AG: I was on the fence a8out clouding this time.

AG: It's a lot of work, you know! All of the work. And you players are so ungr8ful.

AG: I was only doing it 8ecause I couldn't think of any good ideas.

AG: 8ut this is right up my alley!

AG: Terezi can cloud again, she won't mind.

CA: wwhat the fuck

CA: you cant do that this is MY idea

AG: So? She's a historical figure, right?

AG: Any8ody can use her, you didn't invent her ::::)

CA: thats bullshit

CA: i invvented usin her in flarp

AG: Then you should have filed a copywrong!

AG: No prior art? No problem!

CA: youre not evven a sea dweller

AG: They make clip-on fins :::;)

AG: Or! I could make her a panwalker.

AG: She lies in w8 as a fake rustie until she gets line of sight on her targets.

AG: Then she mind controls them to dive str8 into the depths!

CA: noww youre just bein ahistorical on purpose

AG: It's called cre8tive li8erties, god!!!!

AG: Anyway, thanks for 8eing a good sport.

CA: this is highway robbery

arachnidsGrip [AG] blocked caligulasAquarium [CA]!

CA: HEY!

> Eridan: Despair.

Stupid. Stupid stupid stupid.

Once again the mask is off, and as always, as ever, the truth is: you are the clown. The clown is you. Which is impressive, considering you are both a fish and smarter than to get mixed up with religion. Still, you should have known better than to think this could work out. Those dirtscrapers are all alike. Give them an inch and they'll take the whole worm. Especially *that* one, who you thought was workin' up to a nice rivalry and all, then she turns around and stabs you in the fins.

...which, come to think of it, sounds a lot like a rivalry. It's just, you always envisioned you would be the one doing the stabbing.

You tear off your fancy clothes and flop down in the middle of your silk suits, wondering what the point is to any of this. You do all the right things. You go to schoolfeed, you study fleet maneuvers. You work on your doomsday machines and you keep an eye on land dweller pollution. It's like nothing you do is ever good enough, for anybody. You're not enough.

Wait - why is your Trollian blinking?

> Eridan: Be consoled by your dear, sweet moirail.

cuttlefishCuller[CC] began trolling caligulasAquarium
[CA]:

CC: -----ERIFIN.

CA: WWHAT?

CC: YOU AR-E IN BIG TROUBL-E, MIST-ER! 380

CA: oh god

CC: Maybe even troububble 38D

CA: fef please

CA: vvris just pirated my pirate i dont need this right
noww

CC: T) (at's exactly w) (at I am talking about!

CC: Is it true you are signed up for FLARP?

CA: not ANYMORE

CA: i tried comin up wwith characters fef but nobody
wwants to play wwith me

CA: none of the bodies

CA: and the historical society banned me

CA: i guess im just too sad of a sack to be around

CA: kar thinks all my ideas suck and then vvris stole
the best one i DID havve

CA: howw am i supposed to wwite under these conditions

CC: Well, t)(at doesn't sound very nice!

CC: But are you s)(ore t)(at isn't for t)(e B-EST?

CC: Role playing is DANG---EROUS! 38(

CA: wwlll maybe i wwouldnt be thinkin about this if
SOMEBODY didnt need so many stinkin corpses

CA: did you think of that

CA: all ww we do is hunt all the time

CA: ww we nevver get to sit around and glub

CA: or anyfin else a body might wwanna do

CC: 38(

CC: Well, I'm sorry if my SWORN DUTY TO PROT-ECT ---EV-
ERYON-E ON T)(IS PLAN---ET G-ETS IN T)(E WAY OF YOUR FUN
TIM-----E!

CC: Do you t)(ink I like)(aving to do c)(ores eit)(er?

CA: I NEVER SAID THAT

CA: i just thought if ww we were more efficient

CA: maybe ww we could hang out more

CA: or id havve time to hang out wwith anybody

CA: assumin they evven wwanted to see me

CC: O)(, Eridan.

CA: i mean i thought vvris and i wwere gettin along
pretty good

CA: or bad

CA: it ww as pretty contentious in the group chat for a
wwhile

CC: Is it not contentious for) (er to steal your c)
(aracter 38?
CA: yes but its also a supreme bulgebiter movve
CC:) (e) (e I sea.
CA: can you not use fish puns wwhen im bleedin my
vvascular system out for you here
CC: Sorry 38(
CA: im just sayin it feels like
CA: sometimes im not enough for trolls the wway i am
CA: or maybe im too much and thats the entire problem
CC: I'm sorry you feel t) (at way.
CC: But be t) (at as it may! I still don't t) (ink you s)
(ould be playing FLARP.
CC: It) (as suc) (a) (ig) (body count!
CA: goddamn it you think i dont knoww that
CA: i knoww youre supposed to be my moirail but
CA: YOU DONT GET TO TELL ME WWHAT TO DO
caligulasAquarium [CA] blocked cuttlefishCuller[CC]!

> Eridan: Panic

Oh fuck, oh shit, you didn't mean to do that! Well no, you absolutely did. But you didn't mean to do it two seconds later, when you realized Fef is probably gonna be pissed. You just - she wasn't *listening*, damn it. She was doing that thing where you lay out your hurt and she just flicks her fins like you're whining about a sad commercial on grubtube.

(Maybe that's also your fault. You know you're too much, too dramatic all the time. Maybe she's so used to your exaggerated antics that she no longer cares when you're upset.)

((If she ever did.))

Still, you shouldn't have snapped, she didn't deserve that. You tell yourself you love her, but you aren't even a good friend all of the time.

You're just so lonely so often in this hive.

You wish someone would tell you what to do.

> Eridan: Receive a portent

apocalypseArisen [AA] began trolling caligulasAquarium
[CA]:

CA: fuck wwhat noww

AA: hello

CA: seriously im kind of dealing wwith a situation here

AA: tavros says you are having trouble with your
character

CA: not this shit

CA: honestly i couldnt care less about your stupid game
right noww

AA: thats not entirely true

CA: wwhat

AA: you could be dead

AA: then you would care less

AA: :)

CA: did i miss the part wwhere i subscribed to /nosleep

CA: wwhy are you mudlickers always such freaks

AA: thats an interesting question

AA: it could be that our social position predisposes us to gallows humor

AA: or the inherent futility of hope within a system that is destined to collapse

AA: thirty sweeps or three hundred mean very little against the heat death of the universe

AA: although that too will not be its true end

CA: oh god i do not havve enough fuckin energy for this

AA: sorry

AA: i didnt particularly mean to upset you

AA: i am aware i look at these things differently than most

CA: its alright i wwas already upset

CA: fef and i kinda had a fight

CA: wwell

CA: wwere gonna havve a fight

CA: i blocked her in a fit of pique

CA: for all she flaps her yap about lovve and equity she sure as shit doesnt like it wwhen she gets ignored

AA: that sounds unfortunate

CA: i dont think she really gets it honestly

CA: all this stuff i do

CA: i mean believve me i really could care less about savvin you stupid dirtscrapers

CA: and before you say haha i could be dead let me tell you that YOU could be dead

CA: fefs lusus is a grade fuchsia nightmare

CA: if wwe dont feed her constantly she starts to act up

CA: and if she gets loud enough then it really gets excitin

CA: her vvoice is like a lusus prod straight between the horns

CA: if she shouts all you wweaklings pans wwill boil in an instant and then youll be sorry you didnt appreciate me

CA: wwell youll be dead so as prevviusly mentioned you wwont be appreciatin much of anythin but you catch the cut of my jib

AA: i do

AA: and for what its worth i appreciate the part you play

AA: and will continue to play in the sweeps to come

CA: really

CA: youre not just sayin that

AA: really really

AA: we all have our space within the broader narrative whether we accept that or not

AA: if one role is rejected another will naturally arise to take its place

AA: because the other option is nonexistence

CA: youre talkin about like

CA: destiny or some shit

AA: perhaps

AA: the nature of paradox space is obtuse even for me

AA: and ive always had a close connection to it!

CA: okay so then riddle me this

CA: ivve alwways felt like im supposed to be some hero

CA: but the wway these things alwways turn out for me i dont knoww

CA: can you use your freaky mind powwers and tell me if im at least brayin up the right frond nub

AA: that i cannot say

CA: dont knoww or cant say

AA: both

AA: tell me this

AA: how would you define a hero?

CA: uh

CA: they wwin battles

CA: they savve the empress from laughsassination

CA: its not that complicated okay wwatch a fuckin action movvie

AA: and is the hero still the hero to the antagonists they kill?

CA: oh not that moral relativvism mess

CA: yes yes wwar is hell been there done there read homurrs epics

AA: that isnt exactly where im going with this

AA: think of it this way

AA: for one side to win there must be another side that loses

AA: if that battle is critical to the history of civilization

AA: is it not heroic for the losers to fight anyway even though by necessity they must lose

CA: i guess

CA: not vvery satisfyin though

AA: this is also true

AA: but it does mean that by their sacrifice the timeline will move forward

AA: and in this fashion even villains may be tragic heroes

CA: are you tryin to tell me i should go ahead and compete against you and tavv

CA: evven if i lose and your flapstractions might kill me

AA: im telling you these things are bigger than all of us

AA: so you might as well do what you want!

AA: the vast glub will happen when it happens

AA: and whether you played flarp or did not play flarp will not matter then

AA: you will be a villain or a hero or both just by existing

AA: we can only do the best we can to be good to each other as much as we can along the way :)

CA: thanks

CA: i think

CA: its at least somethin to think about

AA: as for the character itself

AA: you might consider the premades at the back of the high seas player booklet

CA: oh fuck me is that a thing

AA: as your rival clouder i can solemnly swear that yes it is a thing :)

AA: its even extremely common!

AA: even seasoned players use premades sometimes so they dont have to stress about stat balance

CA: god okay sure

CA: i can roll wwith this

AA: unless something irresistible falls into your lap!

CA: yeah right

CA: not bloody likely

CA: that wwould be right up there wwith gams fake ass miracles

AA: you never know

AA: ;)

apocalypseArisen [AA] stopped trolling caligulasAquarium

[CA]:

> Eridan: Be a hero.

caligulasAquarium [CA] unblocked cuttlefishCuller[CC]

caligulasAquarium [CA] started trolling

cuttlefishCuller[CC]

CA: hey fef

CA: i just wanted to say that

CA: im not gonna apologize for signin up for flarp

CA: or for bein mad that we have such a bum deal and
all

CA: but i am sorry that i snapped at you

CA: that was kinda shit of me and i know you dont
deserve it

CA: i dont always know what the right thing is but

CA: im gonna keep doin the best that i can

CA: anyway its late here so ive got to get offline

CA: but if you wanna glub sometime

CA: and tell me about your cuttlefish or somefin

CA: you know where to find me

caligulasAquarium [CA] stopped trolling

cuttlefishCuller[CC]

cuttlefishCuller[CC] started trolling caligulasAquarium
[CA]

CC: okay

CC: 38,)

cuttlefishCuller[CC] stopped trolling caligulasAquarium
[CA]

> Eridan: Greet your f8

arachnidsGrip [AG] unblocked caligulasAquarium [CA]

arachnidsGrip [AG] began trolling caligulasAquarium [CA]

AG: Hey, Fussyfins.

AG: Captain Cape!

AG: Are you still around?

AG: I've been thinking, and maaaaaaaay8e I was too harsh on you earlier.

AG: Not that you couldn't use a challenge!

AG: That's how every8ody gets good at FLARP.

AG: And in life!

AG: In fact, if you were smart, you would 8e thanking me :::)

AG: Let me know when you're done 8eing a pupa a8out it though.

AG: There's this shipwreck I think you ought to see.





© GCAS TELINI





Title: “Eridan”

Artist: Dionysus Frost

Track Length: 2:38

Title: “Wicked Prince”

Artist: WistfullInsomniac

Track Length: 3:30







GREY
STRIDER



Orion-Night



Eridan Ampora is headed to the movies for a night that's been in the works for a couple weeks. He's hoping for a date, but will he find love? Or will he find heartbreak?

Characters: Eridan, Karkat, Sollux

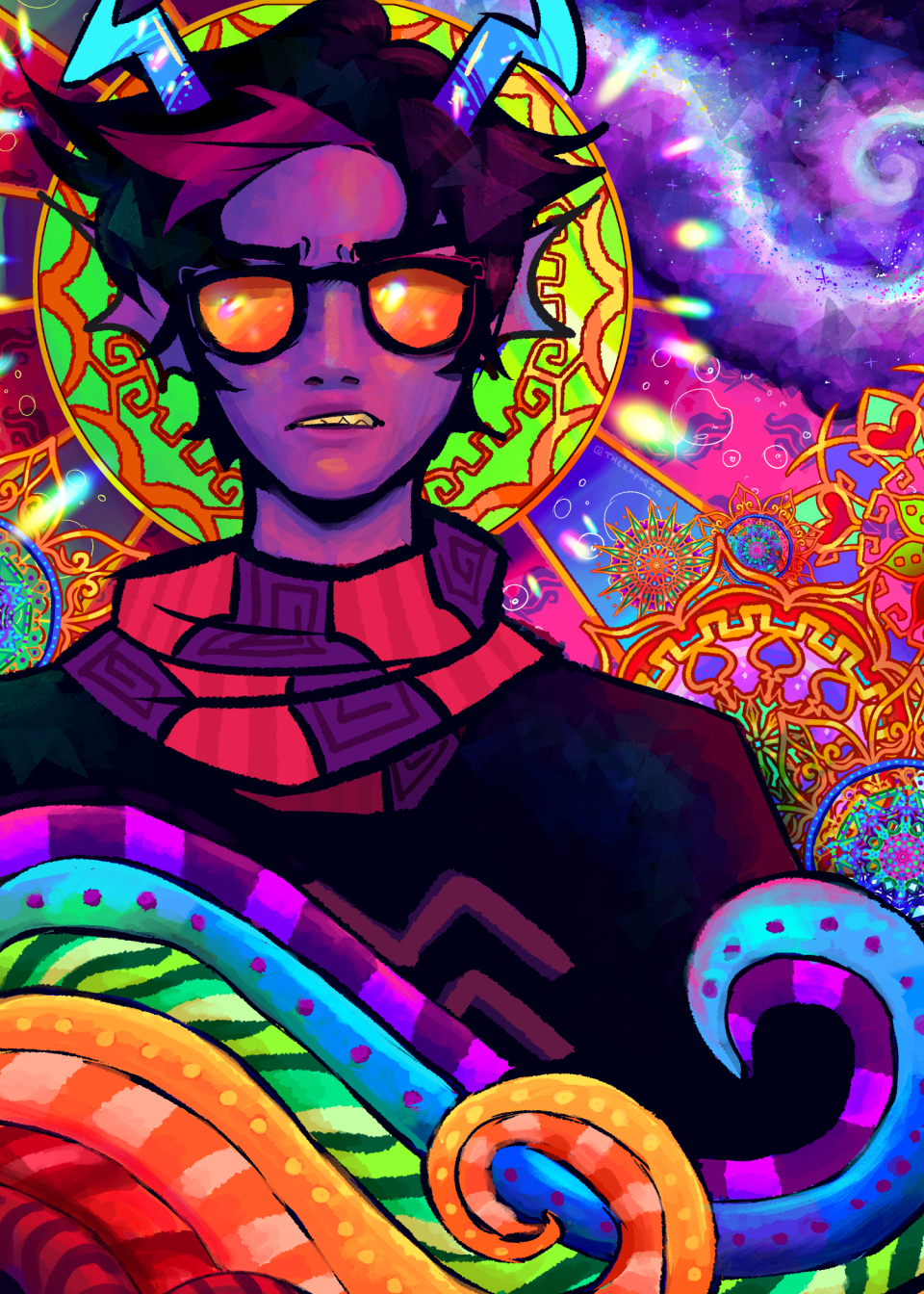
Tags: Multi-ship, multiple endings, dating sim, canon-typical violence.

Game Type: Dating Sim

Versions Available: Mac, Windows

Contributors:

CryptidEridan, Deniz, Orion_Night, paulepz, roundandtalented, thermporia, WistfullInsomniac





"100 BAD DAYS"

Remember
when we
all got
drunk
?

I
ended
up with
two broke
thumbs

Lucky me.

I
wrote
a song
that no
one knows

I
played
a show
and no
one
showed

oh my god
i felt so
alone

cA: lucky me

when all
is going
wrong

and you're
scared as
hell

what you gonna do? who you gonna tell?

maybe a hundred bad days made a hundred good stories

a hundred good stories make me interesting at parties

Credits

aaartmageddon

twitter: [@aaartmageddon](#)

Banmitbandit

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blueartistic813

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tumblr: [blueartistic813](#)

Cryogenia

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CryptidEridan

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Deniz

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Dionysus Frost

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